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LADY JANE GREY:

A N

HISTORICAL TALE.

VOL. II.

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HISTORICAL TALE.

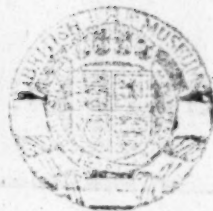
“ There is attendant on virtuous sadness a sensation, which,
“ in point of indulgence and elevation, at once is superior
“ to all that was ever felt by a light mind in the flush of
“ festivity---or amidst the triumph of wit.”

FORDYCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LADY JANE GREY.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

LETTER XIX.

LADY ANNE GREY

TO

LADY LAURANA.

YOU have, perhaps, by public report, my friend, heard that Lady Jane is deposed, and Mary acknowledged Queen of England.

VOL. II.

B

Your

Your friendly heart will feel for our distress, and the ill-success of that excellent Lady, who yet would return to private life, with the highest satisfaction, might she hope that Mary's fears would permit her consideration of her as no consequence. She has, indeed, professed to pardon both Lady Jane and her Lord, as well as the Duke of Suffolk; but I distrust much that it will be revoked again, as they are not permitted to quit the Tower.

The Duke of Northumberland has suffered for his ambition, and with him two others, who were



were principals in the party, but no others nearly related to us.

The Queen's lenity has gained her great popularity, in punishing no more on this occasion.

Lord Guildford, who was possessed of the highest filial affection, mourns incessantly for his father's violent death, and his affectionate wife shares his grief—they are actuated but by one soul—and it is impossible for either to feel a sorrow, which the other partakes not of.

As soon as Mary arrived at the gates of the Tower, the Duke of Suffolk immediately opened them to her, and was the first to acknowledge her his rightful Sovereign. Mortifying, indeed, was this to him, who was compelled to it by necessity, as he knew of Northumberland's defeat.

But when Lady Jane received the haughty Mary, and laid her crown at her feet, with that sweet humility, equally free from meanness or fear, Mary seemed struck with the greatness of her manner; her eyes were disarmed, for a moment, of that fierce anger, which
flashed

flashed from them at her entrance ; and filled with a sentiment of admiration, mixed with envy, that vice of little minds, which cannot yield an intire and unpolluted tribute of praise to virtue, she affected to treat her as a poor deluded child, the object only of her contempt, and beneath her anger.

On Mary's entrance into the Tower, she also enquired what prisoners of state were there, and demanded to see them; they presented themselves to her, and she pardoned them all; among the rest the Duke of Norfolk and Courtney.

Mary was exceedingly struck with the person of the latter, and though unacquainted with the manners and ceremonies of the court, the ease and dignity that are natural to him, she thought far preferable to the artful address of the courtier.

She immediately reinstated Norfolk and him into their honours and estates, and created Courtney Earl of Devonshire.—No nobleman about the court is at present in such high favor with the Queen, and all the ladies of it; he has began to apply himself to learn those accomplishments, and active exercises, which his long captivity
has

has withheld from him the means of acquiring.

It is imagined, by some people, that the Queen is strongly attached to him; and, as his rank is noble, and he is an Englishman, it is thought, she will contrive that an alliance with him shall be proposed to the people.

And now, my fair friend, you tremble for your lover; yet comfort yourself, and do not despair; I am certain he will never marry the Queen. He has privately visited us several times; he has informed us of every thing doing at court,
and

and declares that he could not, without the greatest aversion, consider Mary in the light of a wife, was he not engaged to you by every tie of honor and affection.

He speaks highly of the Princess as a friend, who possesses eminent virtues and merit, but says, he shall never cease to love his Laurana, in preference to all the women he ever saw; though he acknowledges, that he fears the Queen will never permit him to marry you. He entreats me to renew to you his vows of eternal constancy. He says, he shall rejoice if the Queen will appoint him any foreign service, which
may

may enable him to see you again, but he fears she will not suffer him to quit the kingdom.

He would request your return to England, but that he should be fearful of your safety, if the Queen, by any means, discovered your connection: this has hitherto prevented his writing to you; but he says, he will now write to you himself, and inclose his letter in mine. You may now, therefore, correspond through this medium; for to own the truth, Mary does really love the Earl, and her temper is suspicious to a great degree.

I am

I am rejoiced to find, by the return of your conductor, that your voyage was agreeable, and that you are settled in a convent at Florence, which you knew something of.—I am impatient for a more particular account of your health, and enjoyment of some share of tranquility.

Adieu,

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

LADY LAURANA

TO

LADY ANNE GREY.

I PROMISED you, my dear Lady Anne, in the short letter which I writ you, by the person sent to conduct me to this convent, a longer one very soon, though I have not yet received one from you.

I will proceed to inform you of a circumstance, which is a very
pleasing

pleasing one to me; it is, that I have found a cousin in the convent I am in.—Heaven surely directed me here for consolation!—My parents lost to me by death, torn by a cruel necessity from that lover, and those dear, and newly acquired friends, I possessed in the queen and yourself, my fate seemed peculiarly cruel during my voyage.

Your excellent Lady Jane had restored to me the patrimony of my parents, so that I obtained a friendly reception from the abbess, from whom I concealed my real name; but for some time, my heart was ready to break, from the consideration

consideration of the happiness I had lost, and the lonely, and comfortless situation I was in.—My mind too enlightened, to relish the dull and superstitious routine of a convent life; the cold and formal prayers, so frequently offered by the lips, whilst the heart is absent and unaffected; disgusted by the malevolent passions, and petty competitions, and all the uninteresting events of the nunnery, as well as the mean and artful methods which they took, to induce me to assume the veil.

I most earnestly wished, at times, that I had taken a lodging in England,

land ; but perfectly convinced how dangerous, and disagreeable, my unprotected state would have been, utterly ignorant as I am of the world, I was restrained by this consideration from returning.

My mind was in this disgusted situation, when one day, a nun, who had always been inclined to shew me every proof of friendship, and whose pleasing person and manner attracted my regard, observing a picture on my bracelet, which was that of my father, suddenly became pale as death, trembled, and was ready to faint : I had remarked her attention to the picture, and

and much alarmed at the emotion it was the occasion of, flew to assist her, and when a little returned to herself, at my earnest request, she told me that the picture I wore, was that of an uncle extremely dear to her, but whose severity had caused her great and heavy afflictions.

“ You are then my cousin,” said I, transported with delight, “ how happy am I to find so near a relation in a person, for whom I felt a peculiar partiality; I shall now find my situation less painful to me!—How long is it since I have known the sweet pleasure of family connections!

connections! Refuse me not your love, my dear cousin, though my father *did* treat you severely; and repose so much confidence in me, as to make me acquainted with my family affairs and connections, to which I am an entire stranger."

"Is it possible, my dear, that you are not acquainted with the reason of your father's quitting Florence!—But you shall hear my sad and affecting story—at present, however, you must excuse it; my spirits are overcome with the surprise, pain, and joy which I received at the sight of the picture, and

and the certainty that the wearer of it is my cousin.

“ Yes, my dear Laurana, you do possess my sincerest affection; my heart was also attracted to you from the first moment you entered the convent; greatly was I charmed with your person and manners, and affected at your dejection of spirits. — I often tried to account to myself, for my irresistible prepossession in your favor, but could not do it; but I now discern it to be the effect of natural sympathy, that your happiness interested me, as much as if you had been a sister, though you were so lately a stran-

ger to me.—May a firm and lasting friendship unite us, and render this abode of melancholy gloom more pleasing to us both.”

My cousin, who goes by the name of sister Clara, is about twenty-eight; her person a feminine likeness of my father, but a much greater sweetness diffused over her countenance; her complexion is clear, but pale; and her eyes languidly beautiful; her whole form elegant and interesting, though wrapt up in the dress of a nun. She has worn the veil nearly ten years, and is universally beloved by all the deserving part of the convent.

The

The next day, she came into my room, and told me, that she would relate to me the events of her life, which, with many interruptions from her feelings, she did as follows:

“ Your father, my dear Laurana, was the only surviving one of many brothers which mine had, and, at his decease, which I was too young to remember any thing of, he put my fortune and myself into his guardianship, who had not then been long married. I was treated by both your father and mother, with great tenderness; had every proper advantage of education, and

grew up exceedingly happy under their protection.

When I was about seventeen, I was one evening walking with my governess by the water-side, and was accosted by some fellows in a boat, that was rowing by me, in a very licentious manner, though they wore the dress of gentlemen. I was immediately retiring, when one of them jumped out, and was attempting to seize me, and place me in the boat; when a gentleman, who had been sitting on a bench, with a book in his hand, suddenly flew to my assistance, and rescued me in a moment from the ruffian, by striking him

him down with a stick which he held, and, before any of the others had power to go to his assistance, carried me off.

A service so signal, gave the young man a genteel reception with my uncle and aunt, and made no small impression on my young heart, which had never before felt the tender passion.

He was received as a welcome guest whenever he visited us, and soon found means of informing and persuading me of his violent attachment, and obtained the return he wished for; yet it was a long

time, however, before he would speak himself to my uncle, or allow me to mention our mutual affection to my aunt.

He said, as his family was of much higher rank than our's, he was certain his father would never consent to the alliance, nor in that case, could I suppose, my friends would permit him to visit me; that, therefore, if I did not think to be separated for ever from him, we must be silent, and conceal our connection.

After some time, I was sought in marriage by a considerable nobleman,

bleman, whom I refused; at which my uncle was exceedingly enraged, and insisted on my recalling my refusal, and marrying him. He was, indeed, in point of person, fortune, and character, unexceptionable, had I not unhappily been pre-engaged; but this also I refused to do: for though I always considered my uncle as another father, I did not think his authority extended so far, as to controul my inclinations, in an affair where the happiness of my life was concerned.

Fired to an extreme degree at this opposition to his will, he accused

cused me of carrying on an intrigue with the Count de R——.

I was so much irritated at this accusation, that, I believe, I said some provoking things on the subject. I was conscious of his honor, and my own virtue, and could not support the idea of being suspected of the contrary, and, perhaps, said more than I ought.

My uncle went immediately to the Count's father, and acquainted him with what he suspected of our mutual attachment; not that I think he believed, nor certainly would he have insinuated to him, that our
con-

connection was a dishonorable one; but that there was any connection, was enough for the enraged father of the Count; whose pride was extreme, and who had the most ambitious views for his son.

He immediately sent for him into his presence; accused him of this affair, and told him, that unless he would consent to give it instantly up, by the same hour the next evening, he would insist on his taking the habit, and would make his brother his sole heir.

The Count was thunder-struck at this communication, though it was
what

what he had every reason to expect from his father, should he be informed of his attachment.

He remonstrated all in his power, and respectfully intreated his haughty father to see the object of his affection, but all in vain; neither the rank nor fortune was equal; and those were the only things worthy of estimation in his eyes.

He could not see me that evening, and, therefore, wrote to intreat my consent to the only thing that could possibly soften his father in my favor, who, he was persuaded, when he knew it was irretrievable, would

would become reconciled to the alliance: a private marriage was what he proposed, but he forbore to say what his father had threatened him with.

His eloquence was all-prevailing with me, though I have, a thousand times since, condemned my conduct. I met him early the next morning, and sat off with him to some distance from Florence, where we could be privately married.

By some means, or other, our route was traced, and the enraged father of my lover pursued us, accompanied by my uncle, and the ceremony

ceremony was just finished, when they entered the church in which we were.

Claps of thunder, and the elements in the utmost fury, could not have appaled us so much as this intrusion. — My lover knew his doom. — His father forced him from me; but I became insensible, by violent faintings, and could not be removed for many hours; fits succeeding each other with violence, threatened to tear the agonized soul from its feeble tenement.

At length, I was conducted home, and threatened to be put into a
convent,

convent, if I did not conceal this contract of marriage, which they both pretended to believe was not concluded when they arrived, and consent the next day to listen to the gentleman whom my uncle had designed for me.

My soul turned with horror from this proposal, and I refused to quit my apartment, where I spent a week in an agony, which language, the most expressive would fail in describing.

At the end of that time I received a letter from my husband, saying, that, after a deal of threatening and persuasion, his father had disinherited him,

him, and turned him from his house; but that he had a small estate, which he could not rob him of, being a legacy left him by a friend. That this little annuity, with me, would be riches to him, if I would condescend to fly with him to Geneva, or some cheap place, where we might live on it, with frugality, in felicity.

That he had impowered his friend, in whose hands it was, to remit to us the income of it quarterly; that for his part, he should regret nothing but my being reduced to poverty, and denied those elegancies which I had been accustomed to.

Transported

Transported with joy at this letter, I instantly packed up what clothes I could, and all my jewels, and sent them, in small parcels, by my woman, who had been my confident, and was resolved to share my destiny, by attending me in my flight.

We left the house in the evening; my husband met us, and we travelled incessantly till we thought ourselves out of danger of a second pursuit, before we ventured to take any rest or refreshment.

We arrived safely at Geneva, found out a beautiful little cottage, near the lake, where we settled, and found
that

that sincere happiness, which can only be enjoyed in the married state, where love and friendship intermingle their garlands. The only alloy to it, which I felt, was the consideration that my husband had forfeited his father's blessing and inheritance, which obliged him to worse accommodations than his high birth had accustomed him to.

After some time had expired, however, I observed that my husband became thoughtful and melancholy. He was frequently subject to an absence of thought in conversation, and no longer enjoyed his usual amusements.

My

My heart, fond of him to destruction, took the alarm, nor would I permit him to rest, till I had obtained the cause of his uneasiness, which arose from his having offended his father, and forfeited his favor and blessing.

He said, he did not regard his being cut off from his inheritance, but he could not support the idea of his father's dying, and leaving him with his curse on his head; and he longed to go and throw himself at his feet, and, if possible, get this imprecation recalled, or otherwise could enjoy no peace, though otherwise as blest as man could be.

I did not oppose his journey, and he left me. O fatal hour when I permitted him to do it! but to see him miserable!—him for whom I would have gladly sacrificed my own existence!—it was not in nature. A most mournful farewell did we take of each other.

I wanted to accompany him, but he would not suffer it, and he went attended only by his faithful valet.

An age of time I thought had passed before I heard any intelligence of or from him, and when I did hear from him, it was the happy tidings, that his father was reconciled
to

to him, and approved of his choice; and that the bearer of this letter was to convey me to Florence.

You may imagine that my joy was without bounds. But I must pursue my husband's footsteps for a while, and pass over my own feelings.

His journey was a gloomy one, full of apprehensions, though without shrinking for a moment from his purpose.

He arrived at his father's house, and demanded to see him.—

He was introduced to a man whose

vindictive rage, and offended pride, were painted in every feature of his face.

He accosted him in the humblest manner on his knees, and implored him to pardon a son, who had never before wilfully offended him; who was impelled, by a fatal attachment, to disobey him, but could enjoy no happiness while under a father's interdiction.

Unsoftened by all his prayers and remonstrances, his features relinquished nothing of their angry expression, but rather became more inflamed.

He

He told him, he had no other alternative for him now, but to take religious orders; and he would be confined in the house that night, and the next day sent to the convent. That if he complied with this his fixed determination, and discovered suitable penitence, perhaps he might one day forgive him.

He was taken forcibly from his father's presence, like a convict, and conducted to his apartment, where, the next day, a monk was sent to him, and endeavoured to persuade him to make his peace with his father, and consent to enter into religious orders.

But all his endeavours to that effect being vain, the artful priest took another method to prevail on him :

He went to him a few hours after, with great appearance of joy and friendship in his countenance, and told him, his father would consent to see his wife; and if he approved of her conversation and behaviour, he would be reconciled to him and the alliance.

My husband, rejoiced almost to distraction, and totally off his guard, said, he would set out immediately for Geneva and fetch her.

“ And

“ And is she really so far off as Geneva ?” said the monk. The Count satisfied him with the greatest minuteness where she was, and the monk told him, that he would hasten and inform his father where his wife resided, who would, he doubted not, send for her immediately. The Count was eagerly urging his own departure for that purpose, but the monk was out of the room in an instant.

He immediately went and communicated to the Count's father, the artifice he had used, to obtain the knowledge of my abode. “ And now, Signior,” said he, “ you may
either

either fend for her and confine her, and thus separate them for ever; or, you may threaten him with whatever you please, to obtain of your son, his consent to become a monk.

The father was delighted with this scheme, and thought, at all events, he ought to secure me in his power, and therefore sent for me; ordering his son to write to me, and to advise me to enter into a convent for a little while, till my uncle also could be talked to, and persuaded to be reconciled to me.

Thus,

Thus, you see my husband himself assisted to throw me into their snares; but, incapable himself of such villainy, he little suspected his father could be guilty of it.

As to myself, my husband's handwriting left me without any doubt on my mind. I settled my little affairs, and sat out with the highest satisfaction; yet, I left my neat little cottage with regret, where I had enjoyed so much real felicity. I was safely conducted to the convent; where I hourly waited, with the utmost impatience, to see again my husband.

The

The Duke, satisfied that he had me in safety, never thought of seeing me, or concerning himself any more about me, only to order the superior, not to admit any visitors to me, but what came from himself.

The Duke, and his vile agent, then pursued their scheme, acquainting the poor deluded son, that all he had said, was to get his pretended wife into his power; and that now he expected that he would obey him, and determine on a conventual life, for that he never again would see his mistress; and if he did

did not consent, her situation would be far from agreeable.

Irritated by violent contending passions; filled with all the rage that could animate a human breast, at this injurious treatment; and feeling the utmost contempt for that state of life, which produced such a villain as the monk, he gave vent to all the indignation it inspired him with, in the most furious and unrestrained language; then, snatching up his sword, which he saw at the farther end of the room, on a chair, he plunged it through his body, with that haste and violence, that he fell down before

fore his persecutors had time to fly and prevent him.

The monk hastily quitted the apartment: the haughty Duke, as if struck through the heart with remorse, stood immoveably fixed to the place, till my husband, in a faint voice, earnestly requested that he might be permitted to see his wife before he died.

Roused by this request, he bid his servant, who was in the room, to go and conduct me to him, and also to order a surgeon immediately, who soon came, but found it was too late to do any thing for his

his recovery, the wound being undoubtedly mortal.

Overwhelmed with horror and distress, I received this dreadful intelligence, at the very moment when I expected to see my dear husband enter, full of transport and felicity: but the sight of the man, dear to me as my life, weltering in his blood; struck by his own rash hand, and about to quit me for ever, was a sight too dreadful to support, and the recollection affects me too much to enlarge on it.

He died the next day, penitent, and full of remorse for his precipitation.

The

The unhappy father bitterly repented of his cruelty. He sent for my uncle, and offered to settle whatever he thought proper on me, and to consider me as his daughter.

But I resolutely refused his offered bounty, and persisted in taking the veil, and ending my days, which I hoped would not be long, in this convent.

My uncle deeply felt this melancholy scene, and regretted, with extreme sorrow and self-condemnation, the part he had in its promotion, by obliging me to quit his house, to avoid a hatred alliance.

He

He entreated me to return to his house with him, and promised, I believe with great sincerity, that he would contribute every thing in his power to restore my spirits, and render me happy.

I told him, there was no happiness for me on earth, and a life of religious retirement was the only state which suited, and would, in any respect, soothe my grief.

I soon after returned to my convent, and, at the end of my noviciate, took the veil, in the presence of my relations.

My

My uncle regretting so much, even to the last, my resolution, that he was disgusted with Florence, and went to reside in England; to which he was still farther induced, by the horrid situation of my husband's father, whose distraction of mind was of the most dreadful nature, uttering vengeance from Heaven on himself and the monk, whom he never after would suffer in his sight.

My husband was his favorite son, and he had always treated him with great affection; but his pride of birth, his son's opposition to his will, and to the schemes he had been for many years planning to aggrandize

dize him, all crushed at once, by his marriage with me, so overcame parental tenderness, and wounded his haughty spirit, that he felt no concern for his happiness, and sought nothing but to hide him in the obscurity of a convent, that he might transfer all his lofty schemes to his brother.

But the fatal end of his unhappy son dissipated his ambitious views, mortified his pride, and awoke his soul to all a father's tenderness; and the remorse consequent to his cruelty to a son so amiable, shook his reason, and destroyed his intellects, for he never again recovered them, but

death, a few years after, dissolved his worn-out frame, and his freed soul entered into the presence of his Maker.

It was a long time before I recovered my tranquillity, or could raise my wishes and views beyond this frail mortality, though I had nothing to attract me to it, nothing to engage my affections. The past, not the future, possessed my thoughts, tied me down to vain regret and discontent; and, alas, how far is this from that disposition which constitutes a real devotee.

I have

I have, however, for some years past, been tolerably composed; but shall I own, my Laurana, that the sight of you, and the picture of my uncle, has brought to my too lively recollection the past events of my life, and renewed my sad regrets. Nor has this relation of them to you tended, in a small degree, to this end.

Ah! would Heaven be pleased to conclude my tiresome warfare, and place me above the reach of restless discontent and useless regrets.

You have the world before you—
you are again to put out to sea, and

struggle with the billows of life. Ought I not to rejoice, that I am in a secure haven, and have only the acquisition of patience and resignation to attain for a little, a very little time, when I shall only have the narrow gulph of death to cross, and then be happy for ever.

My cousin finished her story with tears, which had frequently interrupted her in her narration, and mine flowed plentifully in sympathy with her. You will not, I am certain, refuse her your compassion and esteem.

I must

I must now close this long letter; may I soon receive your's. I am anxious to hear what is become of the Earl of Devonshire, as I have not yet heard from him. Adieu. May all happiness attend my dear Lady Anne and her friends.

LAURANA DE M—.

P. S. I have received your's, and the Earl's letters——am shocked and grieved at their contents. The deposition of Lady Jane, the death of the Duke of Northumberland, and the danger of all your friends concerned in her party.——O, what shall I say to console you? Let us hope that Heaven will not permit

such virtue as Lady Jane's to suffer; and yet is virtue an exemption from suffering on earth?—Alas, no. How many fatal proofs have I had of that? I cannot deny that I tremble also for my Courtney. Impatiently shall I wait for your letters. Do not fail to write me by every possible conveyance. Farewell.

LETTER

LADY JANE GREY.

63.

LETTER XXI.

LADY ANNE

TO

LADY LAURANA.

I AM exceedingly glad, my dear friend, that you have mine and the Earl's letters, both, as the proofs of his constancy have given relief to the anxieties of your mind, in some degree, and because we were very fearful that they had been intercepted

cepted by the Queen, whose jealousy causes her to set spies on all his actions.

Her hatred to the Lady Elizabeth increases daily, and the friends of that Princess are apprehensive that her life is in danger. She has caused overtures of marriage to be made to Devonshire, who has rejected them in a manner, as little offensive to the Queen's pride and love as possible; yet she is highly enraged with him, though her pride will not suffer her to discover her disappointment publicly; and, I think, the Earl had best quit the kingdom as soon as possible.

He

He has recovered his health, but a look of dejection hangs over his blooming countenance, which he takes evident pains to conceal. He is become particularly expert in all the manly exercises of youth, and experiences a still greater degree of pleasure in them, from his having been so many years deprived of them. Yet those years of confinement was not loss time to him, but were diligently applied to the cultivation of his mind, of his patience, fortitude, habits of reflection, and philosophy, and convinced him of the vanity of greatness and ambition; though of a faith contrary to my own, I have the charity

rity to believe him beloved by heaven; and as for him, he has too much liberality of mind to be a bigot, and despises sincerely Mary's ignorance and blind zeal.

I think, that to abjure a religion, let it be what it will, in which your conscience still acquiesces, is a meanness that I should scorn myself, or any of my friends for doing; but, if those friends thought me in error, and persuaded me to hear arguments on the other side, I would not shut my ears to conviction, but use every method, by the reason which God hath given me, to discern the truth.

I would

I would not have the Scriptures of *truth* concealed from me in a language I did not understand, but with them in my hand, I would pray for enlightened grace to understand them aright. Thus, it is my opinion, we shall either be preserved from error, or (provided our lives are virtuous) our errors will be harmless.

But not so the Queen; she has refused to hear any arguments in favor of the reformation; she has abolished the laws of Edward, and restored the Romish religion, which last, as a Catholick, you will be pleased at; but when I tell you,
that

that she has began a cruel persecution, and that many bishops, and even many of our sex, have sealed their testimony to the belief of the Protestant faith with their blood! will not your gentle nature revolt at the horrid idea? Will prejudices, imbibed in infancy, so totally warp the natural sensibility of your temper, as to occasion no feelings of detestation for a persecuting spirit, and pity for the noble sufferers?

Ah! my friend, you have undergone an irksome captivity for your own faith, and from Protestants too. How injurious to any cause, persecution wherever found. How contrary

trary to the genius of true religion.

—Can that be truth, which fear exacts from the professing lip? Can persecution work conviction in the heart? Or frail men imagine they can perform the work of God?

I am very glad you have found a near relation, and amiable friend, in your solitude, my dear Laurana. Her story is, indeed, a melancholy one:—may she find every consolation that is in the power of religion to give her.

Lord Guildford is more reconciled to his father's fate; and all my dear friends begin again so far
to

to recover their usual tranquillity, as to reassume their usual employments and studies; as the Queen has released them, and permitted them to return to their habitation in town: but the instability of the times, and the gloomy prospects which we have before us, have led us rather to fix on those studies, which will invigorate our minds with fortitude and true philosophy, to encounter whatever trials may be appointed us.

From the life and sufferings of the divine founder of our faith, and his faithful martyrs, and the noble lessons imparted to us by them, in
that

that treasury of divine knowledge withheld from you by mercenary priests; by these we have the most effectual instructions in fortitude: greatly do I fear, that we shall need all the aids they can give us. —Alas! Mary, whose resentments are implacable, has not spared my young friends, I fear, but from political reasons.

Forgive me, my friend, the melancholy letters I write you: how pleasing and delightful would be the present scene before me, might I hope their happiness would continue.

Beloved

Beloved and affectionate parents, in the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk. A married pair, inspired with all the tender assiduity and ardour of lovers, in Lord Guildford and Lady Jane: while your friend loses almost the thoughts of her own concerns, in contemplating their felicity and dreading a reverse. They have, however, an allay to their comfort, in the illness of Lady Catherine, who is still at S——, as her weakness will not permit her to travel.

I have not yet quitted them, but my father wishes for some share of my company; and I cannot be so
lost

lost to the duty and affection I owe
him, as not to attend him.

I am, with sincere regard, dear
Lady Laurana,

Your

ANNE GREY.

LETTER XXII.

FROM LADY A. GREY

TO

LADY LAURANA.

AGAIN is this unhappy kingdom torn to pieces by a civil war. —The Queen is about to form a Spanish alliance: the people are incensed at it, as Don Philip is a foreigner and a Catholick, and have been induced to take up arms: in many
different

different counties are they shedding each other's blood with the utmost violence.—How prophetic my fears, that we should not long enjoy the peaceful domestic pleasures which I described to you in my last letter.

The Duke of Suffolk has quitted us for some days past: we have a thousand apprehensions, lest he should be persuaded to join the insurgents. The Duchess has sent messengers every where, but cannot hear any tidings of him, where he usually resorted.

Both Lady Jane, and her Lord, most sincerely wish their father to

forbear all pursuits of ambition, by which his family have suffered so much: he is not formed for them: in domestic life he is truly amiable; there he shines in every character; but he has never yet done so in a public one. We all, with the greatest impatience, wait the return of the messengers.

Since I wrote the above, the Earl of Devonshire has been here, and has confirmed our fears; informing us, that the Duke has indeed been prevailed on to join the male-contents. As soon as he heard of it, he flew to acquaint us with it, and prepare us for what might be the event.

event. I cannot describe to you the grief of this family, and our suspense is almost intolerable.

Lord Guildford is very desirous of joining his father-in-law, but we all, with the greatest earnestness, intreat he will not. My father and uncle are with him, I find, which distracts me with a thousand fears for their safety.

I will not conclude this letter, till I have further information; God grant it may be fortunate. Adieu.

CONTINUATION.

Ah, my friend! new scenes of horror are preparing for us. My silence has been a long one, and the vicissitudes numerous, which have filled up the time since I began this letter. The consequent alarm, and anxious suspense in which it has kept my mind, would not permit me to finish it.

The Duke of Norfolk is taken, in endeavouring to raise the people of Warwick and Leicester, where his interest lay. He was pursued at the head of three hundred horse, obliged to disperse his followers, and

and fly to conceal himself; but his concealment was soon discovered, and he was carried prisoner to London.

As the Duke was encouraged to join the rebels by their promises to restore Lady Jane, if they succeeded, to the throne, you may imagine that the Queen's resentment is highly irritated against him and his family. The other male-contents are also subdued; and Sir Thomas Wiat, the principal instigator of the rebellion, is condemned and executed. Four hundred persons are said to have suffered in this insurrection, and as many more were pardoned by the Queen,

Queen, to whom they were conducted with ropes about their necks.

I have no hope remaining, that either the Duke of Suffolk, or his children, will be spared; and this afflicted, though innocent family, are now waiting, with painful suspense, the fate of their husband and father, and their own.—I also dread lest my father should share the same unhappy fate. I flew to enquire for him, but found he was not yet taken.—O, that he may escape!

And now, my dear Lady Laura-
rana, prepare your heart; you have
need

need also of fortitude, if you love the Earl of Devonshire: the vindictive Queen has again sent him into confinement, though perfectly innocent of the crime with which he is charged.

On the examination of Wiat, he had accused the Lady Elizabeth, and the Earl of Devonshire, as accomplices; but on the scaffold, acquitted them, before the people, of having any share in his rebellion. However, on his first accusation of them, Mary immediately had her sister arrested, under a strong guard, and sent to the Tower; here, however, she did not stay long; the
dying

dying declaration of Wiat, obliged the Queen to release her: but she soon after found a pretence to imprison her again, and sent her to Woodstock; and also confined the Earl, though equally innocent, in Fotheringay Castle.—What havoc does human passion cause in the world, unguided by wisdom and virtue!

I will write to you again, if I am able to do so, when the cup of fate is filled.—I cannot afford you any consolation at present, my friend; horrible images of death present themselves continually before my eyes.

How

How earnestly do I pray for the fortitude of Lady Jane.—How do I admire her noble steady mind, rising with a divine radiance, above the thick cloud of fate which hovers around her.—When will it break! When will the thunder burst from it, which thus oppresses us with its intolerable weight!—O God! prepare us for the event!

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

TO AND FROM THE SAME.

O MY Laurana! the hour of fate approaches: the Queen has sent to demand her prisoners, under a strong guard.

When the Constable of the Tower was introduced to Lady Jane, and declared his commission, she received it with a smiling and placid

cid countenance, professed her readiness to obey the Queen, and be conveyed wherever her majesty thought proper; she only asked an hour to prepare herself, which was complied with.

When we were alone in her apartment, she committed to my charge all her private letters, and copies of her own to me; and other papers, which she had not time to destroy, and did not chuse to have seized and exposed. I then intreated her to permit me to attend and remain with her in the Tower, but not all my persuasions could prevail on her to suffer it;

“ Stay

“ Stay and console my dear mother,” she said, “ you will both be allowed to visit me again; till then, my dear Lady Anne, adieu. Pray for your unfortunate Jane.”

I saw them depart, with the most heart-felt agony of grief, mixed with admiration; but my thoughts were called away from my own sorrows to those of the Duchess, who was distracted with her grief for many hours; I thought she would never recover her senses.—Alas! how little consolation can I afford her, who am myself inconsolable!

Sleep

Sleep having, however, composed the mind of this unfortunate mother; we went the next day to visit our excellent young friends, and their misguided father; who was filled with the most severe remorse for his late conduct, which had involved those most dear to him in his punishment.

To describe the affecting interview is impossible; nor that noble fortitude displayed in the charming Lady Jane; which does not consist in a stoical apathy of mind, but, though possessed of all the feminine delicacy and sensibility of her sex, towards her parents, husband, and friends,

friends, a steady faith, and hope in Heaven, supports her soul, and enables her to view imprisonment, and even the prospect of death, in her own person, without terror; and to possess composure enough to console, exhort, and animate her friends to follow her example, and confirm themselves in her principles.

The Duchefs and myself were not permitted to continue in the Tower, but have liberty to visit them every day; which we owe to the compassion of the Constable of the Tower, who seems quite struck and awed by her appearance and behaviour.

O, my

O, my friend! you know this best of women. You have seen her when elevated to the highest rank; you then admired her humility and affability: how would you now admire her noble and unaffected piety! her indifference to life! her tenderness to her friends! and that sweet consolation, which she affords to her poor father, bent down beneath his grief and regrets!

Lord Guildford seems to have quite forgot all thought or solictude about himself, and his own approaching fate; all his anxieties, all his attentions, all his grief, is on the account of his almost adored wife:

he seems sometimes almost distracted with the idea of her misfortunes, and probably, untimely end.

Ah! how cruel must the Queen discover herself, if she can ever sign the mandate for their death! —But cruel and inhuman she *has* discovered herself, and I cannot deceive myself with the hope, that she will forgive them: the thought sickens my soul with horror. — Alas! perhaps before I write to you again, they may be no more!

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

TO AND FROM THE SAME.

I AM just returned from the Tower, and find my friends have received a message from the Queen, intimating, that if they will renounce the Protestant religion, and embrace the Romish faith, she will grant them a full pardon. This, without the least hesitation, they absolutely refused to comply with.

G 2

They

They said, that they were ready to suffer death whenever it was the Queen's pleasure to inflict it; as it was only an entrance into a happier life, and would put them into possession of the martyr's crown; but that they would never receive their pardon on a condition so unworthy and base, as that of giving up the purity of their principles to obtain it.

The Queen again sent priests, to endeavour to convert them, being unwilling, she said, that two young people so amiable should be lost to salvation by their obstinacy; but I think it is more probable, that she
wanted

wanted to render herself popular, by an apparent lenity; but her pious labours were all in vain: no temporal hopes, or fears, can shake the steady souls of Lord Guildford and Lady Jane. Nor can I wish them to comply, heart-rending as it is, to lose and survive them: I may, indeed, share the same fate: we know not how far a furious zeal will carry the bigotted Mary.

God grant I may not render myself unworthy of such noble friends, by a mean renunciation of the true religion.—How many bright examples are at present, almost daily

displayed, of patient constancy, in suffering for the truth.

Mary's cruelties have scarcely a parallel; and the pleasure with which she even gluts her own eyes; with the sight of those noble martyrs sufferings, betrays the natural barbarity of her disposition.—Surely; for the scourge of this kingdom, was such a mind placed in a female form; and that female destined by Providence to be Queen of England.

Mary has granted but three days reprieve to my dear young friends; who have defended their religious
tenets

tenets by all the usual arguments; but they were all thrown away, on blind and unfeeling zealots, and mercenary priests.

Lady Jane has had the equanimity of mind to sit down and write to Lady Catherine, who is still ill, a letter in Greek, in which she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, the like steady perseverance; sending her with it, a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue.

I was commissioned to convey to her this letter; but I cannot express how sensibly and deeply it affected

affected me, while writing to her, to reflect that she will see her no more! that, in three days, we shall lose for ever, in this world, that amiable pair, by a violent and untimely death! that those beautiful persons, so beloved and admired by all who know them, are destined to be destroyed! blasted in their full bloom!

How awful are the dispensations of Providence!—How shall I support the dreaded hour of separation! How submit, as I ought, to lose the friend of my youth! dear to me as another self; beloved and
cherished

cherished beyond any thing on
earth!—Cruel doom! Fatal am-
bition!—How dearly purchased
are thy honors?—I can write no
more!

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

LADY JANE GREY

TO

LADY CATHERINE GREY.

THE last awful scene, my ever dear Catherine approaches!—Pray for the constancy of your sister; pray that she may never lose sight of the glorious crown awaiting her in the presence of her Redeemer!—That she may not be induced by
weakness

weakness or fear, in the last trying moment, to accept of the Queen's offers of pardon, at the price of her immortal hopes.

What is this life, so full of woe and vicissitude, that we should purchase it, or any of its enjoyments, by aught that is base and unworthy?

Adhere, my Catherine, to the practice of virtue, and may thy sister be enabled, by her example, to animate thee to persevere steadily in thy holy faith, to the latest moment of thy existence.

May

May the present I send thee, in a still more forcible manner, excite thy soul to constancy in that divine religion, in defence of which so many saints and martyrs have resigned their lives.

You will trace in many places of this sacred book, the well-known writing of your Jane. May the remarks which she has at different times noted in it, be of use to you, to strengthen your faith and hope; and when your sister is laid low and silent in the dust, may she yet assist and guide you by her precepts.

I have

I have been summoning up all my fortitude, to support the much dreaded separation from friends so dear to me! affectionate parents! an amiable and beloved husband, whose grief and tenderness melts my very soul! and a sister and cousin, dear to my heart!

My father's grief and remorse also penetrates my soul most sensibly. I have been endeavouring to reason with them. I have used that best of all arguments, fully convincing and satisfying to myself, that we are separating but for a moment, to reunite eternally in a state where all is light and liberty, and love; and
where

where our happiness will never have an end!

Let this, my sweet Catherine, be your consolation also, and let it excite your warmest endeavours to become possessor of so glorious a prize.

Take care of your amending health, lest a relapse be the consequence of too severe a sorrow for your Jane.

If my friends wish me to undergo the approaching doom, in a manner that will not disgrace them, let them not discompose the steadiness of my mind,

mind, by violence of grief——for the pangs of parting will be the greatest I shall feel.

Farewell, my dearest sister, remember in your prayers, and forgive the errors of your

JANE.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

LADY ANNE GREY

TO

LADY LAURANA.

ALAS, my Laurana! — The awful scene is past! the curtain is drawn! the tragedy is concluded! and yet I live! yet wear a miserable existence, that affords no hope of happiness! — But do you expect that I can give you any account
of

of the horrid wreck of all that was dearest to me on earth?—For a fortnight past, the violence of my agitation has confined me to my bed in a fever; my life, for some days, was despaired of.

Merciful Heaven! Why did not my heart burst, when I saw that white neck meekly laid on the block, like a lamb under the murderous knife! — But I saw no more; I was, in pity, deprived of my senses at that heart-rending sight.—If you will pardon me, I will transmit to you the relation of that sorrowful scene, writ and authenticated by a gentleman; which

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will,

will, I am certain, draw tears of sorrowful sensibility from your gentle soul, though a Catholic.

The Duke of Norfolk, and my uncle, Lord Thomas Grey, have also suffered.—My father has not yet appeared; God grant he may be in safety.

Lady Catherine came to town, on receiving my last letter to her, in the hope of seeing her excellent sister once more; but she came too late.—The poor mother and sister are inconsolable; the latter still ill. I have not yet seen them: I cannot

not see them: nor can I, at present, write any more.—Farewell,

ANNE GREY.

Here follows the gentleman's account.

“ ON the day of Lady Jane's execution, her husband desired to see her, but she refused her consent, and informed him, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both; and too much unbend their minds from that constancy, which their approaching end required of them. Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they

would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be for ever reunited; and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, to disturb their eternal felicity.

“ It had been intended to execute Lady Jane and Lord Guildford together, on the same scaffold, at Tower-Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people, for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower.

“ She

“ She saw her husband led to execution; and having given him, from the window, some token of her remembrance, she waited, with composure, till her own appointed hour should bring her to the like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back, and found herself more confirmed by the reports she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle.

Sir John Gage, the constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memo-

rial of her. She gave him her table-book, on which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but that divine mercy would be favorable to his soul. That if her fault deserved punishment, her youth, at least, and her inexperience, were worthy of excuse; and that God, and posterity, she trusted, would shew her favor.

“ On the scaffold, she made a speech to the by-standers; in which
the

the mildness of her disposition, led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint on the severity with which she had been treated.

She said, her offence was not her having laid her hand on the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she had less erred through ambition, than through reverence for her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction she could make to the injured state; and though her infringement

fringement of the laws had been constrained, she would shew, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial pity had betrayed her; that she had justly deserved this punishment, for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others; that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful; by proving, that innocence excuses not great errors, if they tend any-wise to the destruction of the common-wealth.

“ After

“ After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women, and with a steady, and serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.”

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

LADY ANNE GREY

T O

LADY LAURANA.

MY soul, almost annihilated within me, seems convinced that nothing in life can ever again excite either animated hopes or fears, or engage those passions which fan the flame of human life, and contribute to its existence.

Dead,

Dead, like the season of the year,
are my hopes! the summer, indeed,
will return—the stormy winds sub-
side—the trees renew their ver-
dure, though defaced by the wintry
frost.—But when will my lovely
Jane revive?—When will those
fair frames, now mouldering in the
cold grave, spring up a-new, and
re-appear to gladden and de-
light me?—When shall I again
behold them, hand in hand, with ani-
mated and striking countenances, en-
ter my apartment, and summon me
to some rural walk, or pleasing amuse-
ment? while I contemplate their
mutual affection with exquisite de-
light,

light, and, sharing the friendship of each partake of their felicity !

Alas, it is all over ! — an horrible chasm intervenes ! — The dull gloom of unavailing sorrow succeeds, and possess my whole soul ! — No comfort can I afford the poor deserted wife and mother — I dread to see them, and would willingly shut myself here in my apartment, never more to leave it.

The light of the sun is even hateful to me, though its radiance is enfeebled by the clouds of winter, and every thing the world call great and beautiful, is, in my opinion,

nion, insipid, foolish, or vain!——

Kings and Queens are either pageants of a day, almost equally vain with the gaudy insect which sports in the summer fervent ray, and then vanishes into dust; or tyrants that enslave and destroy their country.

Even books and study, what are they without a friend and companion, with whom to share their pleasures?——

Alas, just such a one I once had! but she is no more, she is gone for ever!——she lies low in the ground, and the dust covers her!

CONTINUATION.

I have been conveyed to Lord Herbert's, where the Duchess now is. I cannot describe our interview. All our past aching feelings are renewed, and Lady Catherine is too ill to support the conflicts of her tender and gentle soul; I fear she will not long remain on earth.

To heighten the picture of woe, the Queen is not yet satiated with blood.

She has filled the Tower, and all the prisons, with Nobility and Gentry, whom their interest with the nation, rather than any appearance

ance of guilt, had made the objects of her suspicions.

Among the rest, the Duchess of Suffolk and her daughter, and Lord Herbert, are ordered to prepare for a residence in the Tower, during her Majesty's pleasure.

They are to be conveyed there to-morrow, which short interval it was with difficulty they obtained, to prepare for a mansion, whence they may never again depart, but to be conveyed to a much smaller one in the grave!

You

You may imagine their horror and grief, to be sent to the very place, which has so recently been the scene of execution to friends so dear to them!

My sorrow, I believe, equalled theirs; it was such as left me little ability of consoling them.

I promised to see them frequently, if permitted—painful as it would be to enter again that place of blood; and I remained with them as long as I possibly could—since to converse, even in all the agony of grief, with a sharer in that grief, is a relief to the wounded heart, and we separated

separated more resigned than we met.

Religious consolations, forgot in the first violence of our terror, came to the aid of each, in endeavouring to impart them to the others, and began to soften a little the deep impression, which the late shocking events had created on our hearts.

They have since, by slow degrees, had more and more ascendancy over my mind, so much so, that I have been enabled to visit my unhappy friends in the Tower several times.

When, however, I first entered within those walls, my heart sunk within me; I could scarcely keep myself from fainting, and with difficulty my attendants supported me to the prison of the unhappy mother and her children, which was that of the once martyred, but now blessed Jane.

Ah, cruel Mary, said I, as I entered, is not thy cup of vengeance full! Wilt thou never forget thy malice to the family of Suffolk!—that thou thus placest them in the very scene where the excellent daughter suffered! even in the very prison in which she was immured!—
Must

Must not their regrets be perpetual, unalleviated by any change of scene or society?—O when will thy doom fall on me also?—It would be some consolation to remain here with my amiable friends, it is a place which suits my gloomy soul.

Yet, my Laurana, painful as it was to visit in such a situation those dear friends, which forced from my soul those bitter / complaints—our frequent conversations with each other have afforded us consolation and fortitude.

Our subject the virtues of our deceased friends, point our views

to that world of happiness to which they are ascended.

I now long for a state more felicitous——where no tyrants reign——and where again I shall behold my Jane.

Edward's image presents itself to my fancy, and increases my desire of entering that passage, which will conduct me to realms of everlasting light and bliss!——Bliss for ever fled from me on earth, and which, possessed by the most happy mortals on its surface, when compared with the joys of the blessed, is only like a transient meteor, flashing over the
light

light for a moment, and the steady, cheerful, and invigorating light of the noon-day sun.

The virtues of my Jane, and that excellent Prince, are now rewarded with eternal crowns, and never fading honors!

How happy was I in their society in my childish days, before thoughtless delight was destroyed by the keen edge of disappointment! It is the experience of past sorrows, that plants stings in every comfort we possess, and anticipates to our minds uncertain ills.

But in that future land of pleasure, delight is ever springing a-new in the heart; and virtuous friendship began on earth, will be a source of endless and increasing joy.

The fountain of life and happiness will admit us into his blissful presence,——and in his presence is fulness of joy; and at his right hand are pleasures for ever more!

Blessed state! let my God call me home whenever he pleases — or, which is to me far more difficult to say, let him keep me here as long as he pleases. Life at the longest is short.

Let

Let me pray that resignation may smooth my way, and let my endeavours to acquire this most arduous task, employ the remainder of my days.

Adieu,

My dear Laurana,

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

LADY LAURANA

TO

LADY ANNE.

HOW feelingly, my dear Lady Anne, have you related the past horrid and affecting event!—In what animated forms described your anguish!—And with what sympathy has my heart borne its testimony of sorrow to every tale of
woe,

woe, as you proceeded! — The circumstances alone are such, indeed, as must excite pity and admiration in every breast not wholly callous.

Blessed martyrs! — Excellent, noble Jane! — I almost envy thy fate! — Happy Lord Guildford too! — United again to thy fair partner: never more to feel the pangs of separation, and the sorrows of absence. United to her in a state, beyond expression blessed.

I am become a convert to thy reformed principles, and abhor persecution,

secution, with the other errors of popery, with sincere conviction.

I have a sensible acquaintance here, my dear friend, who is a Protestant; and who has satisfied some of my doubts, in a relation of my mother's, to whom sister Clara has introduced me, and who has invited me frequently to her house. There I sometimes meet Protestant divines, whose arguments have assisted my conversion.

But what, beyond all this, worked the change, was an English Bible which was lent me; which language, though not my parents, is mine,

mine, as I was born in England, and understand it equally with Italian. Almost every chapter in it, strikes conviction into my understanding, and the light of truth into my heart.

My zeal is now so great in favor of my newly acquired faith, that, I think, I should rejoice to be a martyr in its cause. Yet, let me not be too secure; zeal, frequently indiscrete zeal, is the concomitant of new opinions: may mine be moderated by charity, by toleration, by every gentle and humane consideration, which becomes frail and erring creatures to their fellow-beings,

beings, be they of what religion they may.

God, who is the author of being, and the former of the human heart, has implanted in every one those sentiments, from climate, constitution, and education, which will best answer the purpose of his providential dispensations. Blest, thrice blest are those, who enjoy the benefit of the Christian revelation! are enabled to distinguish the light of truth! and enjoy the privileges of such a Gospel! — But those are happy only as their practice conforms with their principles, and who meekly, and with simplicity, receive the

the precepts of the Gospel, and obey them.

I am rejoiced, my dear Lady Anne, that you have a little recovered your mind from the first shock of your recent misfortunes.

Lady Jane's fortitude, and your resignation, are both the happy effects of your divine principles.—

Ah! that I could attain this perfection!—But I must acknowledge, that it is with great difficulty, I can support my too keen apprehensions, concerning the fate of the amiable Earl of Devonshire. I tremble to open your letters, lest they

they should contain some dreadful account of his fate.

That impetuous temper, which is natural to me, will not always be controuled; and I am quite ashamed to own, that I am almost distracted by my fears on this account.

I think, I see him condemned by the cruel Mary to horrid tortures! I feel his agonies! and am almost resolved to destroy myself by poison, rather than suffer such acute misery! but, on a sudden, a divine ray from Heaven illuminates my benighted soul! I am feelingly awake to my guilt and danger;
supplicate

supplicate the mercy of the Diety;
and again experience that com-
posure, that hope, that resignation,
which sincere contrition, is fitted
to obtain.

Pity thy poor friend, my dear
Lady Anne, and teach me to sup-
port, with steadiness, whatever mis-
fortunes are decreed by Heaven to
your

LAURANA.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

LADY ANNE GREY

TO

LADY LAURANA.

I WAS sitting one evening in my solitary apartment, in that kind of composed melancholy, which is cherished by those who have experienced deep afflictions, and which, so far from corroding the heart, softens it to benevolence and compassion,

passion, when a servant came to say, that a gentleman wanted to impart something of importance to me, and requested he might speak to me alone; I was surprized at the message, and hesitated, at first, if I had best comply with his request or not; however, I soon admitted him, and how still more surprized and delighted was I, to receive a letter from my father, who writ me, that he had found a safe retreat, at the time that my uncle Suffolk's party was obliged to disperse and hide themselves, and that he remained in it till the search of the Queen's troops was over; that then, by the disguise of

a common sailor, he obtained a passage to France, where he then was, and meant to remain, till some happy revolution rendered his country more safe to him.

My father added, that he wanted the consolations of his beloved daughter's company, and was in daily apprehensions for her safety, while she remained in England; he therefore entreated me to commit myself to the care of the gentleman, who was the bearer of his letter, and who would convey me safely to him, having a proper disguise, to prevent my being discovered.

Rejoiced

Rejoiced as I was, to recover a father whom I had almost given up for lost, my thoughts, from this pleasing circumstance, reverted to my unfortunate friends in the Tower, whom I felt great regret to quit.

I, however, told the gentleman, I was greatly rejoiced to hear of my father's safety, and would prepare myself to attend him in two days. He respectfully urged me to set out immediately, lest it should, by any means, reach the Queen's ears, that my father had sent for me.

I told him, he need be under no apprehension, but that, if possible, I would go sooner: as the Queen had confiscated all the houses and estates of my father, I had been in a friend's house ever since the late troubles; I had therefore very little to take with me, besides some valuable jewels of my mother's, and my own.

As soon as my father's messenger was gone, I was preparing myself to visit my friends in the Tower, and to take a final leave of them, which was a task almost too much for my resolution, when, who should I see

I see enter my apartment, but the Earl of Devonshire.

On hearing his voice, I started from my reveries; yet, like one just awakened from a troublesome dream, could not believe my senses, nor that what I saw was real.

He at last convinced me it was himself, and told me, that the Queen's marriage, which I imagine you must have heard of, had occasioned his enlargement, from motives which he could not account for, unless it was the wish of popularity; Don Philip had set him at liberty.

We spent two or three hours together, in the painfully-pleasing employment, of conversing on the late melancholy fate of our friends; mixing joy with our tears, that they were now at liberty from Mary's tyranny, their parent's ambition, and all the ills that beset this mortal life.

He, almost at his entrance, asked impatiently if I had heard from you, whom he has so long been utterly excluded from by his confinement, as well as from writing to you.

You

You will not, I am sure, be angry, if I own I read some parts of your letters to him: he was delighted with them, lamented his hard fate, in being so long separated from you, and said, he was at length permitted to go abroad, as he had obtained the Queen's consent; that he would immediately go to Florence, as he was impatient to see you, and would make you the offer of his hand; and, if you would consent to marry him, he would reside abroad, till it was more safe for him to reside in his own country.

I intreated him to give me some account of the reasons, that led
Mary

Mary to suspect him of a passion for Elizabeth, and of their mutually conspiring against her. He said, he would relate the few incidents which had happened to him, since he parted from his dear Lady Laurana, and the unfortunate Lady Jane, at the Tower, which I will give you, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

“When I first came out into the world, and was introduced, by the Queen, to the young nobility at court, I felt so conscious of my want of those accomplishments suited to my rank, and which, the many years I had been immured in prison, had prevented my acquiring,
that

that I was resolved to devote as much of my time as I could to attain them; in the mean time, the Queen's partiality for me, would not suffer me to enjoy so much retirement as I wished for, for that purpose, and which also my long habits of solitary life had rendered almost necessary to me; as well as my love for Lady Laurana, and my earnest desire to form myself, by my address and manners, more worthy of her.

“ The reception I met with at Court, however, was too insinuating for a young man, who had been secluded so long from society.

“ Not

“ Not to have many charms, and the only thing that rendered it irksome to me, was my absence from Laurana, and the Queen’s passion, which I both dreaded and detested, and which she had very early, after our first acquaintance, got me informed of.

“ Her jealousy of the Lady Elizabeth, also, who is an amiable Princess, had given me frequent cause of uneasiness; for her conversation, both engaging and instructive to a man like me, who has had so few opportunities of conversing with sensible and well-bred women, had induced me to attach myself
a good

a good deal to her, particularly as she shewed me great attention.

“The Queen you know hates the Princess, and could not support the idea that I should slight her passion, and devote my time to her sister.

“In vain I assured her, on my honour, that I had never made the slightest effort to gain the Princess’s affection.

“She could not believe that I would refuse her hand and crown, without the prospect of an equivalent at some future period.

I en-

“ I intreated her Majesty to permit me to go abroad ; expressed my earnest desire to see foreign courts, and to get a knowledge of the customs and manners of other nations, but she would by no means consent to it.

“ As I generally informed Elizabeth of the Queen’s threats concerning her, she thought it best to retire from court into the country, as she met with every instance of disrespect, that the Queen could shew her in public.

“ And not long after Wiat’s insurrection (which has been so fatal to
the

the Duke of Suffolk's family) commenced, Elizabeth and myself were accused of being concerned in it, and both committed to different prisons.

“But as Wiat, on his execution, intirely acquitted us of having the least concern in it, the Lady Elizabeth was tried by the Council, and vindicated her innocence so well, that the Queen was obliged to release her from confinement, as well as myself; at that time, more from the fear of the people than inclination.

“For

“For she soon found another pretence of confining her again, which was by proposing an alliance for her with the Duke of Savoy; which, however, that Princess, in a submissive manner, begged leave to decline, saying, she wished to remain single. But this was construed into a confirmation of an engagement with me; and, in the resistance she made to her Majesty’s pleasure, she found as she thought, a sufficient plea to confine her to Woodstock, and to send me to Fotheringay Castle.

“Here we remained till the Queen’s marriage with Don Philip, and his affection for popularity induced him
to

to release those of the Nobility which Mary had confined on suspicion, amongst the rest myself, and also to undertake the defence of the Princess Elizabeth from the malice of her sister.

“He, therefore, set her at liberty, much to the disgust of the Queen, who, I believe, already perceives that Philip is more influenced by ambitious views than love to her.

“The Princess has not, however, since been at Court, but I received a message from her, soon after our enlargement, requesting to speak with me.

“I im-

“ I immediately visited her, and we met with expressions of that friendship, which a similarity of sentiments and dispositions had united us in.

“ She told me, she had continually regretted that the Queen’s unjust suspicions of me, on her account, should have been so injurious to me; and that she would willingly undertake any thing that might contribute to my happiness, and should rejoice to make any compensation for my past sufferings on her account. She said, there was something in my manner at times, which convinced her that some Lady had possession of my affections, though I dare not own it,

it, on account of the Queen's partiality for me; but now her Majesty was married, she thought she had influence enough with Philip to engage him to promote the alliance; she, therefore besought me to consider her as my sincere friend, and to unfold to her my inclinations without reserve.

“ I was struck with her goodness, but yet was at a loss what to do. Elizabeth, though possessed of eminent virtues, is vain, and fond of admiration.

“ I had, on many occasions, observed, that she did not like that any

Lady should have the preference to herself, not only in mine, but in the opinion of those Lords about her, whom she favored with any marks of attention.

“ I thought too, that there was something in her manner confused, and as if she meant, by an appearance of generosity, to draw me into a declaration of particular attachment to herself; and if so, instead of extricating myself from the difficulties that lay in my way to the possession of Laurana, by my confidence in the Princess, I should only, perhaps, be involving myself in greater.

“ What

“ What could I do? I had not seen enough of courts, and the deceits of them, to submit to the meanness of a lie. I was silent and confused; it was some time, before I could recollect myself sufficiently to thank her, for the interest she took in my happiness; to beg she would not urge me on a subject which I must ever be silent on, and to assure her, that the sense of her goodness would never be erased from my heart; and that, wherever my fate drove me, the Princess Elizabeth would ever possess the most sincere friendship of Devonshire.

“The Princess blushed, and I perceived that this speech flattered her vanity; she evidently imputed my confusion and reserve, to a passion for herself, which my respect for her, and the situation we were in, forbade my revealing.

“I was rejoiced, therefore, that I had not revealed my secret; and she did not urge me any more on the subject, but desired me to inform her if, in any thing, she could be serviceable to me with Don Philip.

“I told her, I thought myself very insecure in England, in my present situation,

situation, and had also a wish to improve myself by travel, and, if she would have the goodness to desire Don Philip to intercede with the Queen for that purpose, I should esteem myself infinitely obliged to her, though I should still regret the loss of her conversation, which had afforded me so many agreeable hours.

“ The Princess took my compliment graciously, and promised to endeavour to obtain my desire, which she soon after effected.

“ I went to court, to thank the Queen for this permission, but she

would not see me, which I was no otherwise concerned at, than as it may affect the Princess' safety. I have seen Lady Elizabeth several times since, who has always shewn me great attention, and friendly solicitude for my welfare.

“ I am ready now to set out, and will, with pleasure, convey whatever letters, or message, you may have to your friend, my charming Laurana: the impatience which I suffer to behold her again cannot be equalled.”

I informed the Earl, when he had ended his account, that my father
was

was in safety, in France, and desired me to join him there; that he had sent a messenger to convey me to him, and that I should set out in two days.

He seemed quite rejoiced at the event; he said he would prepare himself to accompany me, and that when he had obtained his Laurana's hand, he would endeavour to prevail on her, to make mine the place of their residence.

Then, added he, I may hope for an amiable female companion for my wife, which will contribute to her

her happiness, and with *still* so many worthy friends about us, may I not flatter myself that, in spite of the past cruelty of my fate, I shall be one of the happiest of mortals?

I objected to his accompanying me as highly improper, since it would lay open my father's situation, and our affairs to the inspection of the Queen, in all probability; that he would go abroad in a manner suitable to his rank, but that I had a disguise provided for me, and should go in the most private manner that was possible.

He

He said, he could not prevail on himself to permit me to go, attended only by a stranger; that therefore, if I would pardon him, he would recommend to me to go in disguise, and attended by this gentleman, in his train, or, as passengers in the same vessel; that as soon as they were landed on the French shore, he would privately attend me, and commit me in safety to my father's arms.

I thanked him very sincerely, and said, I had no objection to his proposal, but the apprehension, least he should render himself liable to the Queen's displeasure, should we be discovered;

discovered; or that, my father's asylum being found out, the consequences might be fatal to him; and those fears, I owned, were so great, that I should not enjoy a moment's peace during my voyage. I therefore declined his offer, and determined in the disguise prepared for me, and under the protection of the gentleman my father had sent, to commit myself to Providence, and take my voyage.

I went and took a sorrowful leave of my friends in the Tower, who expressed a great and generous pleasure in my father's safety, notwithstanding their own sad fate, and
prayed

prayed that I might safely join my father.

They also found pleasure in the Earl's release, and prospect of happiness, and discovered those great and worthy minds, which, though under the chastening hand of Heaven themselves, can rejoice without envy at the felicity of their friends and fellow creatures.

Long we lingered before we could think of parting, and nothing but the approach of night could tear me from them; and, even then, I thought, was I to consult my own inclination, I had rather, at the time,
have

have remained with them to console and entertain them, than forsake them in so bitter a fate.—But my father's will, and his want of an affectionate daughter, to render his exile more tolerable, enabled me to make a violent effort of resolution, and quit the place.

But adieu — perhaps for ever!
I could not say!

No sleep scarcely had I that night, but wept almost incessantly.

My father's messenger appeared in the morning, and brought with him my disguise—I told him I should
be

be ready to attend him in the evening, and desired him to prepare every thing for me, and return early.

I had taken leave of my friend, in whose house I was, and was preparing to depart, when I was surprized by the appearance of the Earl, completely disguised as well as myself; who said he could not suffer me to set out without his protection; that, therefore, he had given orders that his suit should go in the vessel they were designed for, and told them and the captain, that he was obliged himself to sail in another ship.

Though

Though much alarmed for his safety, he would hear none of my objections, and we went on board of the vessel provided for me.

As soon as we had sat down in the cabin, the Earl entered into an agreeable conversation, which a little dissipated my melancholy thoughts at quitting England, perhaps for ever, that recent scene of so much bloodshed, and so many horrors; but it was the recollection of my unhappy friends, that rendered my heart heavy; nor could I banish them from my idea, for in spite of his endeavours to awaken more pleasing

sing and cheerful remembrances, our conversation adverted to them.

Yet, he still encouraged me to hope, that they would soon be released; that it would be of no consequence to the Queen to keep them confined, since their party was quelled entirely. He intreated me, therefore, to endeavour to banish sorrow from my heart, and to sympathize with him in his extreme joy, at the thoughts of seeing again his charming Lady Laurana.

I told him, I would endeavour to do it, in the hopes he had given me, that my captive friends would
soon

soon be at liberty. I began to look forward also, as the shores of France approached, to the pleasure of seeing again a father, for whom I had the sincerest duty and affection, preserved from the wreck of fate. I felt the most affecting gratitude to Heaven, for this consolation in my heavy afflictions; and for that goodness, which had not suffered me to sink under them, but preserved me to assist in supporting and comforting my exiled father.

Thus, I am persuaded, will all those, who listen to the divine lessons of resignation in their sorrows, have reason for gratitude in the
midst

midst of the severest fate; even though they cannot penetrate the veil of Providence, nor understand why they are thus severely dealt with.

I had began this letter before I received your's, which both delighted and shocked me. I was charmed to think that you had abjured the errors of popery; admired your sentiments on zeal and charity; but how was I shocked at the account of your impatience at the confinement of the Earl! — May Heaven preserve the reason of my friend, exclaimed I, with fervour! — O! may she be preserved from

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destroying

destroying herself!—from abruptly presenting a guilty soul, stained with suicide, before a pure and righteous God!—O! lay not on her more than her frail nature can support!

I congratulate you, my fair friend, on the happiness that awaits you. —Write to me at B—, where my father is. —I send this from the first inn we put up at in France. We remain here to-night, and in the morning, proceed on our journey to B—.

The Earl is resolved to accompany me; my father will rejoice to see him: his own ship and suite are
not

not yet arrived; he has only one servant with him, in whom he can confide. — My father intends to meet me half way. With what delight shall I see him again, after so long an absence?

Farewell, my charming Laurana; you have with this a letter from the Earl.

ANNE GREY.

LETTER XXIX.

LADY ANNE,

(IN CONTINUATION.)

I FOUND my father at the place he appointed to meet me, in perfect health. He received me with every testimony of extreme joy—yet a moment after, it was suddenly checked by the bitter recollection of all we
and

and our friends had suffered since our separation. We offered the tribute of a few tears to the memory of the martyred pair.

When my father, resuming his composure, expressed again his joy at seeing me, and declared, that in respect to his own share in the late calamities, he had already forgot all his past sorrows in his present happiness.

Judge, my dear Laurana, what pleasure I received from this information, and if I was not again recon-

ciled to life—since I was become of so much consequence to the felicity of the best of parents.

The Earl partook of my joy, as my father did in his approaching happiness, and we retired to our apartments with those pleasing impressions on our hearts, which usually procure sweet and sound repose.

We cannot prevail with the Earl to remain more than one day with us—to-morrow he sets out, and with him this letter, which, therefore, I have not time to lengthen.

May

LADY JANE GREY. 175

May no ill accident impede his
speedy arrival at Florence, and may
all happiness attend him and my fair
friend, prays her

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

LADY LAURANA

TO

LADY ANNE GREY.

WITH greater joy than I can express, I beheld again my amiable Devonshire, improved in person and manners, and blest with a heart noble, generous, and sincere; such a heart as Queens have been proud to have called their own.

About

About a month after his arrival we were married; but how unworthy do I esteem myself of such a treasure?

I have informed him of the change you was the first means of causing in my religious sentiments. His opinion very nearly coincide with mine, and our happiness is more complete on this account; indeed it is impossible for any woman to possess a more tender and affectionate husband, and I only wish for the presence of my dear Lady Anne to crown my felicity, and to see her united to a man equally amiable with the Earl of Devonshire.

Flatter

Flatter me with the hopes of your company before the year is at an end, and be assured that my own happiness has not rendered me selfish, but that I have a heart, as open to all the feelings of friendly sympathy as ever.

I was charmed at the account the Earl gave me of your interview with your father; how happy am I that you are safe under his protection, and out of the reach of the resentful Mary. But shall I own, that I sometimes have apprehensions invade my mind, lest her malice should snatch my husband from me.

No

No one knows the secret of our marriage, but the relation of my mother's, whom I mentioned, and at whose house I live, whose disposition is too amiable to doubt her fidelity; sister Clara, whom I parted from with regret, and our two confidential servants.

The Earl has a house of his own, where his servants are, but you may imagine, the greatest part of his time he passes with me; thus has he guarded against a discovery: but the uncertainty of all earthly happiness, cannot but check our transports, and ought not allow of too great an elation of mind, which
is

is inconsistent with our state of trial,
and would attach us too much to
the world, and draw us off from
our pursuit of a better.

The Earl joins with me in every
good wish to your father and your-
self. Adieu.

LAURANA.

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LADY JANE GREY. 181

LETTER XXXI.

LADY ANNE

TO

LADY LAURANA.

WITH the sincerest joy, I congratulate my friends on their marriage!—May every blessing attend you both! and may Providence continue your bliss for many, many years!

Let

Let not your fears of the future, render you ungrateful for present joys, my fair friend. Providence, if it pleases, can cause such a change, even in Mary's heart, as may be productive of the restoration of your husband to his native country, with safety and peace.

At all events, though the vicissitude of mortal things ought to prevent a too great security in our minds, yet, the certainty of an over-ruling power of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, leaves us room to hope, that our happiness will be finally promoted, and ought to inspire

spire us with chearfulness, hope, and gratitude.

I have had the pleasure of a letter from the Duchess of Suffolk. She informs me, that Lady Catherine's declining health, has induced the Queen, at her earnest petition, to consent to their enlargement, that her daughter may have the benefit of free air and exercise; on the condition that they live retired in the country. She expresses great sorrow at her daughter's ill health, mixed with resignation, should she lose her, and hopes of soon following her.

I feel

I feel my heart relieved from a heavy burden, at the information of their freedom; and yet a tender grief hangs over it, on account of the declining health of my young friend; whose gentle spirits have, doubtless, been unable to stem the torrent of affliction that came raging around her on every side. Silent and uncomplaining, it shook her fair fabric, and will, I fear, finally dissolve it.

How mournful a sight for the affectionate mother! whom, I think, I love as I should a mother, had I ever known one: has she not been
to

to me a mother? I have, undoubtedly, seen her in error, from her ambitious views for her daughter; but in every other respect, she is truly amiable; and is there a mortal free from error? at some time or other of their lives, or in some peculiar circumstances; all discover it; and whoever seeks to establish himself as a perfect character in the eye of the world, not only falls infinitely short of perfection, but degenerates into guilt; for he is tainted with arrogance and deceit.

I find that Lady Dudley is to reside with the Dukes; she has been

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with

with a friend, as I have, since the late confiscation of her husband's estates: she is a very worthy woman, and they will be a consolation to each other.

My father bids me to request that you will come and visit us very soon, which he thinks much more safe, both for your husband and himself, than our visit to you would be; and, as the Earl has no connections to confine him where he is, or to any one place, let us meet here very soon.—I trust you will not refuse my request.

My

LADY JANE GREY. 187

My father makes his to your husband with his own pen.

Adieu,

Ever your,

ANNE GREY.

N 2

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

LADY LAURANA.

TO

LADY ANNE

WITH pleasure, my dear Lady Anne, we comply with your father's and your request, and are preparing to visit you very soon; the Earl only waits for letters from England: he means to take no English servant with him, besides the

the one whom he confides in; and I shall only have my woman, who is acquainted with our marriage.

We propose taking a house near your's, and remaining as long as circumstances of conveniency will admit. We mean to conceal our real names and quality, and to hire servants from the place you are at. This, I think, must elude Mary's vigilance; for, I assure you, we are liable to discovery here, from Mary's religion, and acquaintance with priests and cardinals: many of those residing here, the Earl knows, and as he has lately been rendered a conspicuous character, from the
• Queen's

Queen's attention to him, these priests are too busy a set of beings, and too desirous to ingratiate themselves with her, not to give her so important a piece of information, as his marriage without her knowledge and consent. On the whole, therefore, it will be best for us to quit Florence on every account; though I regret leaving sister Clara, and the good Lady with whom I live, who considers me as her child.

We shall not wait for your reply, but set out as soon as possible.

—You cannot imagine the pleasure I receive at the prospect of
seeing

seeing you again, after so long an absence.

I rejoice that the Duchess of Suffolk is at liberty; God grant that Lady Catherine may be restored to her health.

Adieu, my dear friend, may our interview be a happy one.

LAURANA.

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